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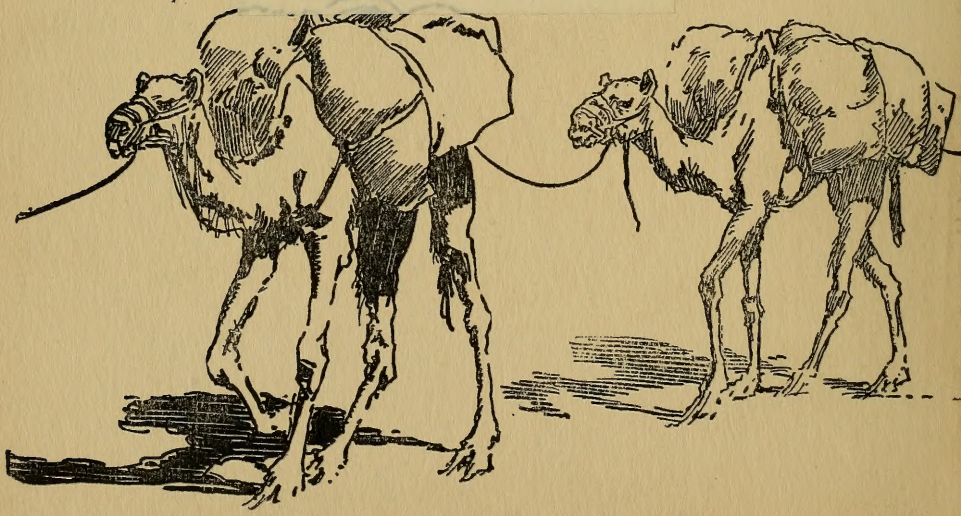
IT WAS THE ROAD TO JERICHO

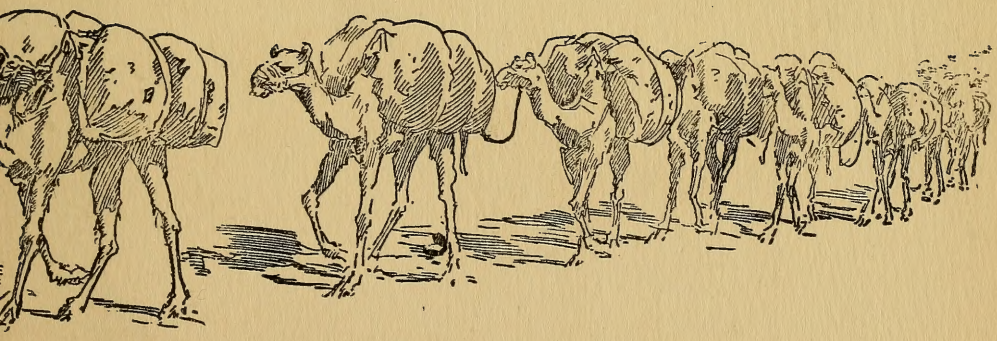
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It was the Road to Jericho







It was the Road to Jericho

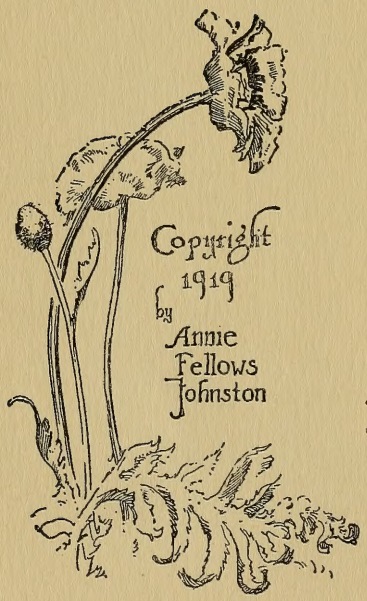
By Annie Fellows Johnston

Author of The Little Colonel, The Desert of Waiting, Etc.

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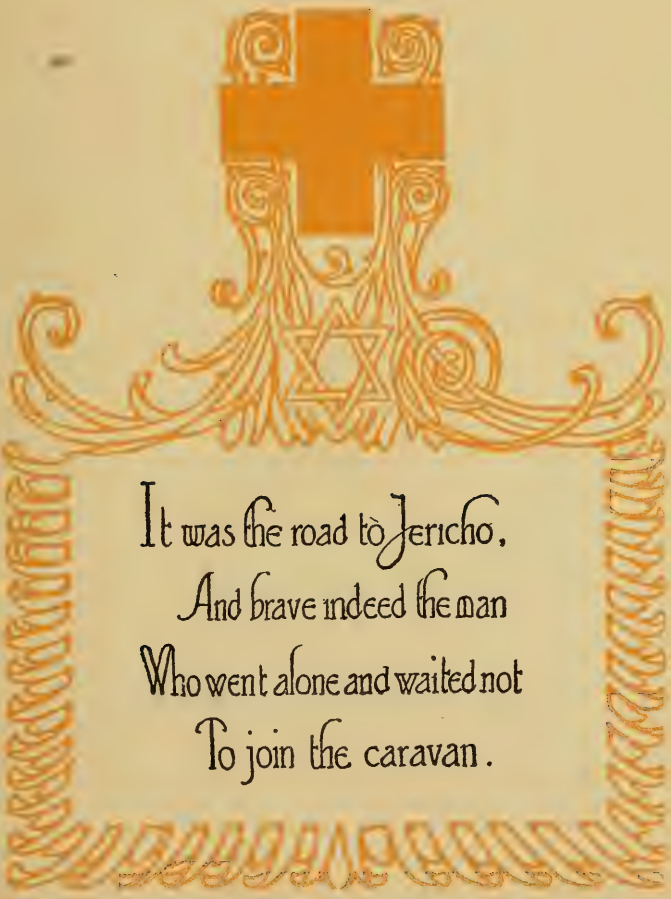
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It Was the Road to Jericho



It was the road to Jericho,
And brave indeed the man
Who went alone and waited not
To join the caravan.

For robber hoards swooped
down the cliffs
Like eagles on their prey,
And mercy was not known to them,
Theirs but to kill and slay.



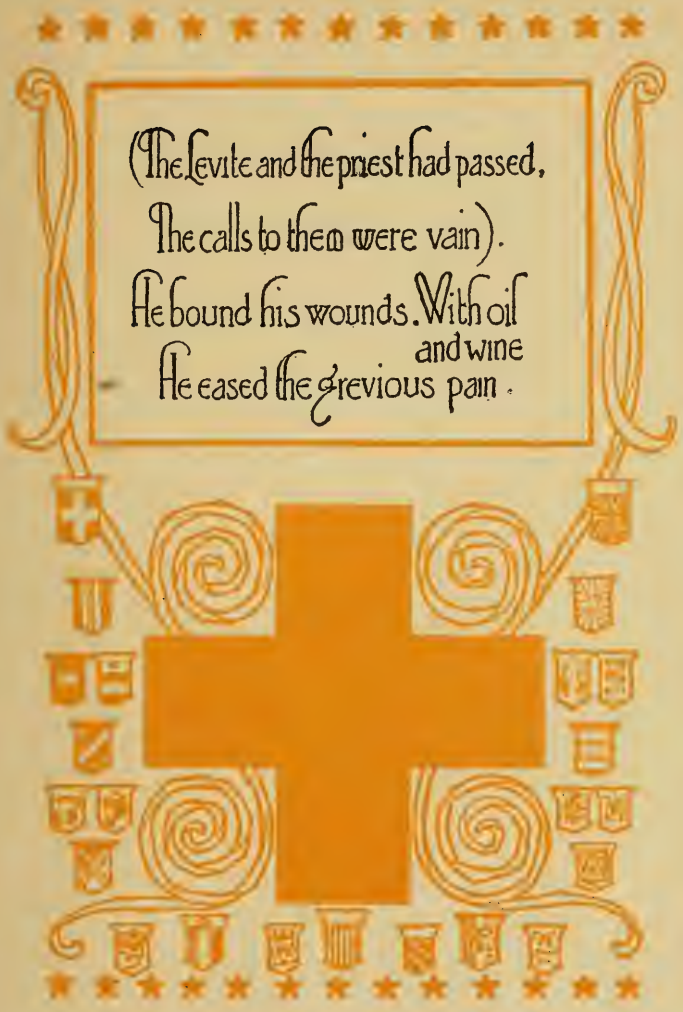


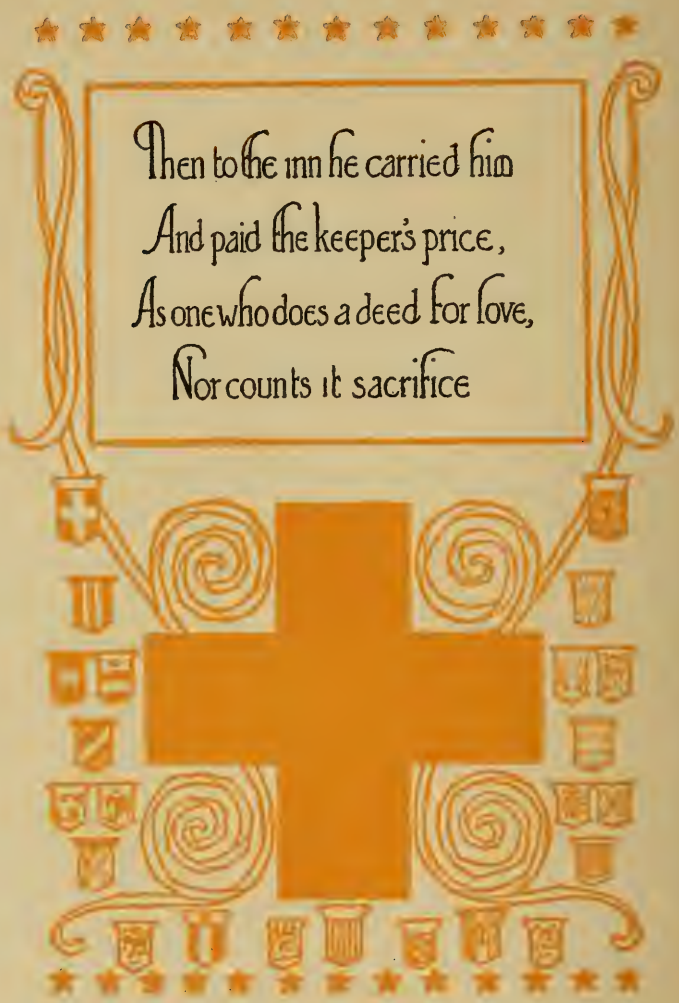
Along the road to Jericho
A man went riding by,
He heard a groan of mortal pain,
He heard a piercing cry.






He got him down from off his beast,
He found the one who bled,
The thieves had bruised and beaten him
And left him well nigh dead


(The Levite and the priest had passed,
The calls to them were vain).
He bound his wounds. With oil and wine
He eased the grevious pain.


Then to the inn he carried him
And paid the keeper's price,
As one who does a deed for love,
Nor counts it sacrifice


Lo, as he passed upon his way.
His robe it showed a stain —
Two red marks on his white sleeve.
The bleeding head had lain where

One, made in pity when he stooped
To lift the wounded up,
The other, when in love he bent
To offer him the cup.





Two red, red lines which made a cross,
And marked him as the man
Whose name is, till the end of time
"The good Samaritan".



Part II

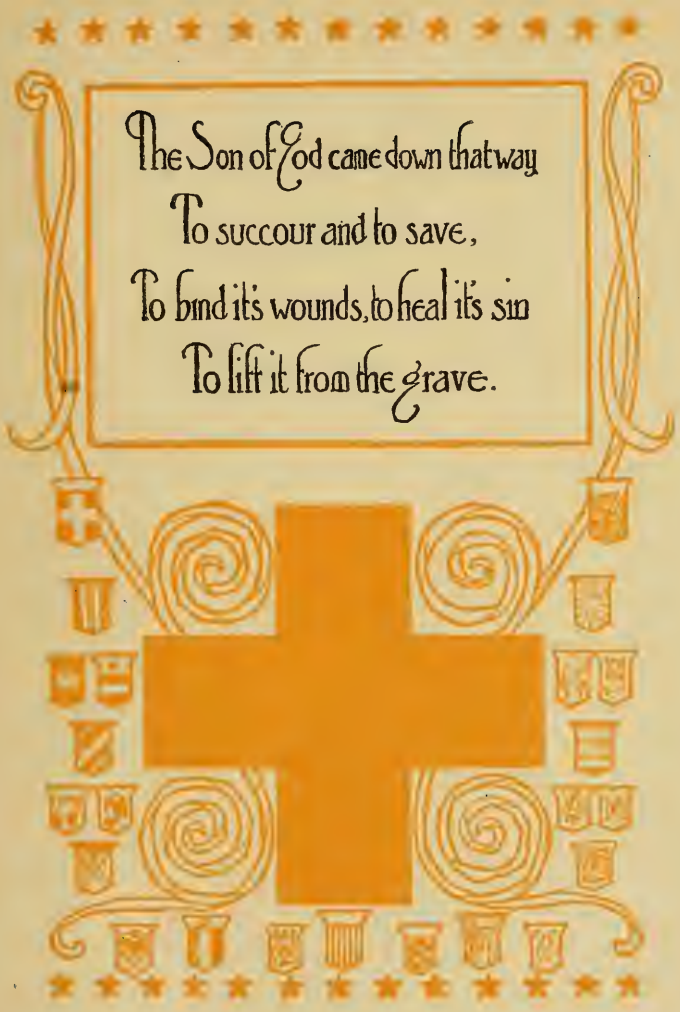





The World pressed toward it's Jericho,
The goal of it's desire —
It's marts, it's pleasures and it's shrines
It's dreams of great empire.

A hoard of gold it bore along
To barter and to buy,
But on the road, by thieves beset,
It, too, was left to die
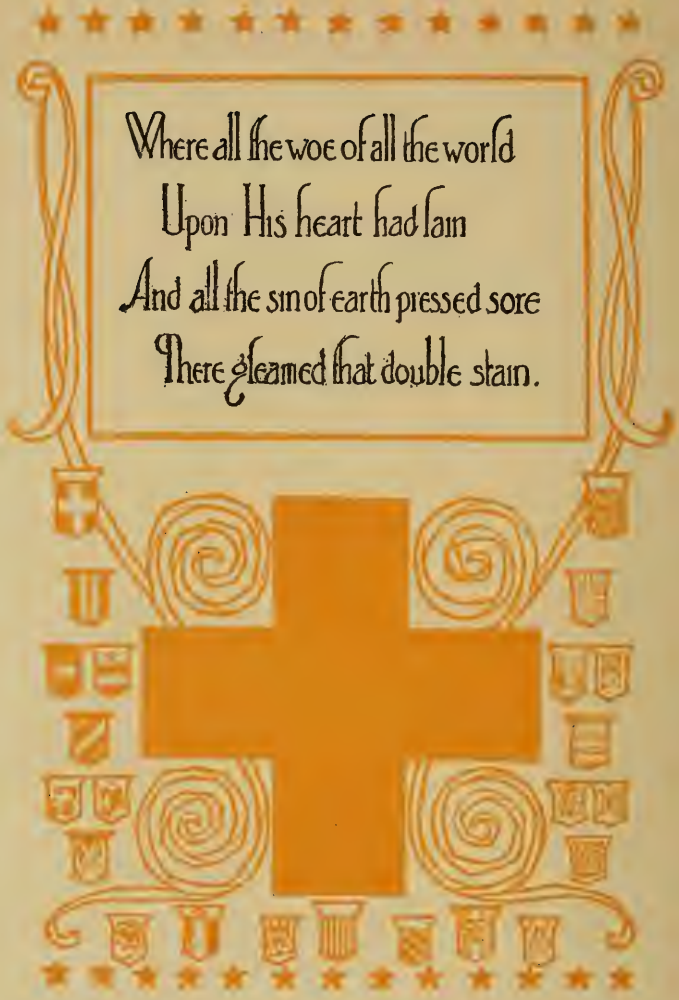



The Son of God came down that way
To succour and to save,
To bind it's wounds, to heal it's sin
To lift it from the grave.

Lo! He too, went upon His way
When He had paid the price,
Marked by the red red lines that make
The Cross of Sacrifice.






Where all the woe of all the world
Upon His heart had lain
And all the sin of earth pressed sore
There gleamed that double stain.


And now we cannot name His name
Who is the Lord of Heaven,
Without a thought of that symbol
By love and pity given.

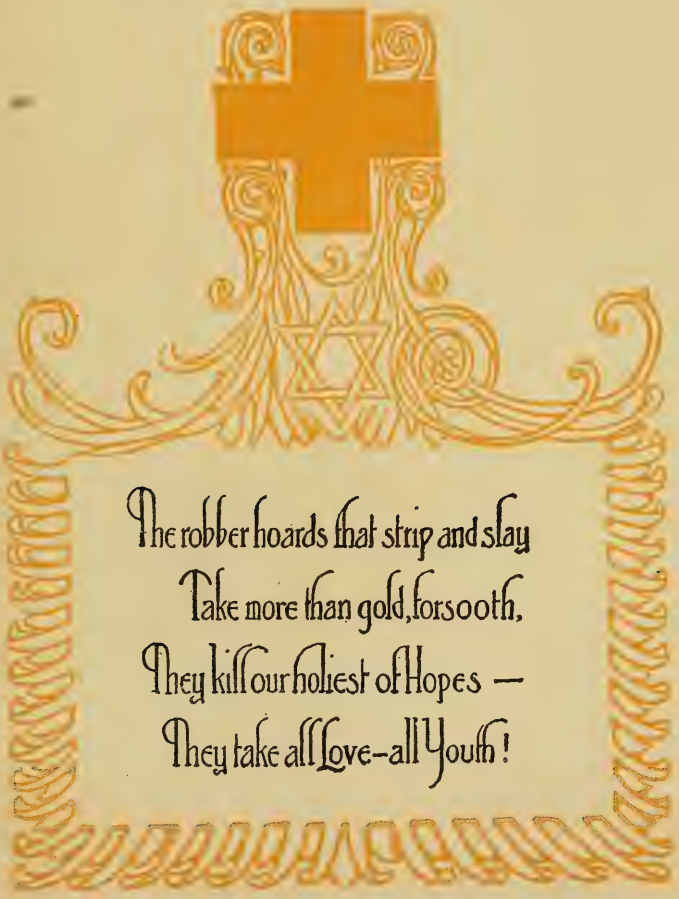
Now onward to our Jericho
We press with bated breath.
For evil grows the way, and dark.
On every hand stalks death.



Part III






The robber hoards that strip and slay
Take more than gold, forsooth,
They kill our holiest of Hopes —
They take all Love — all Youth!

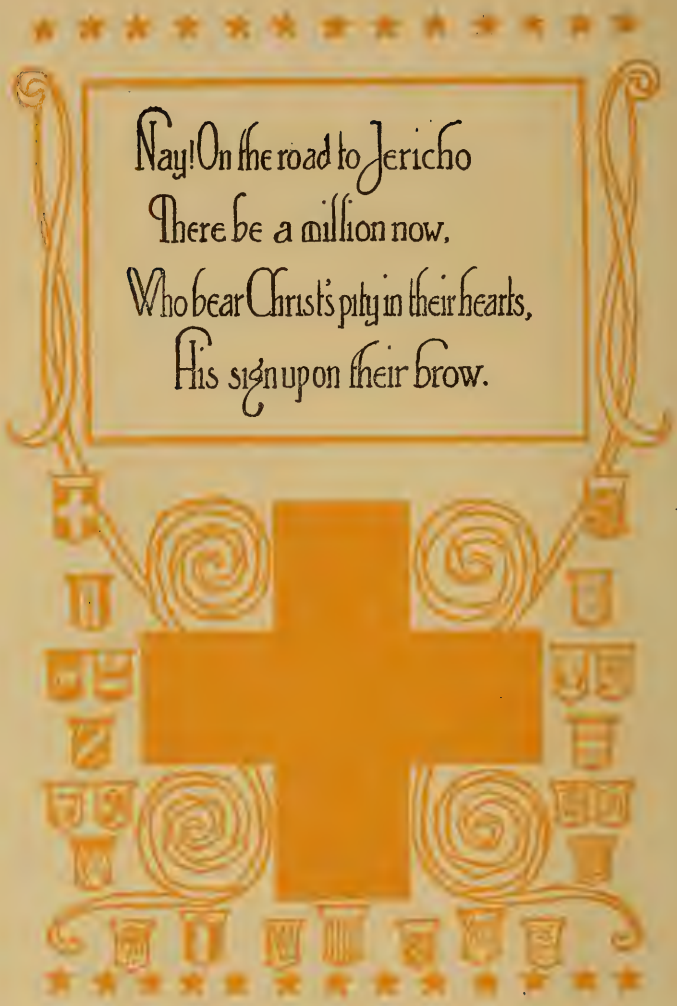
They smite the mother and the maid–
The babe that cries unfed,
And little children, sore afraid
Sob in the night for bread






Oh, who shall staunch such world-wide woe—
Such universe of pain?
And who has oil and wine enough?
And must they cry in vain?

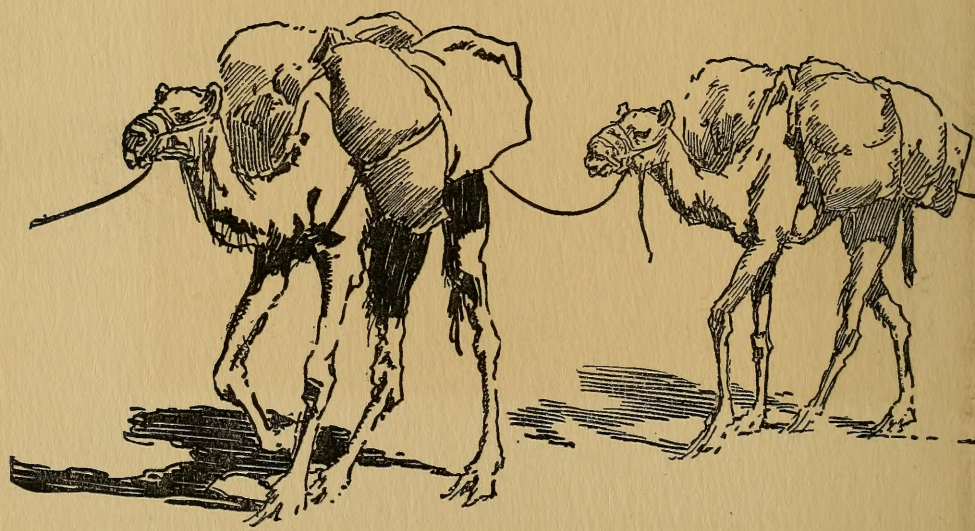


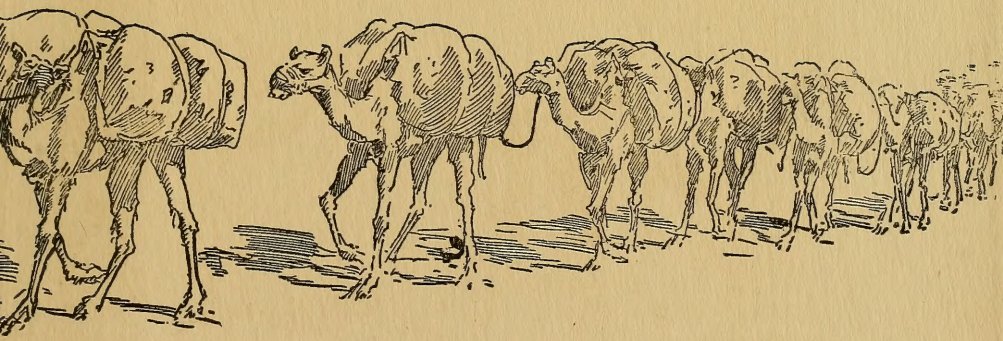

Nay! On the road to Jericho
There be a million now,
Who bear Christ's pity in their hearts,
His sign upon their brow.


And millions more shall follow them
To bind and to restore,
Till all the highway is made safe
And war shall be no more.


Now God give grace to all who hear
And may His love suffice
To blaze upon each heart each day
The Cross of Sacrifice







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